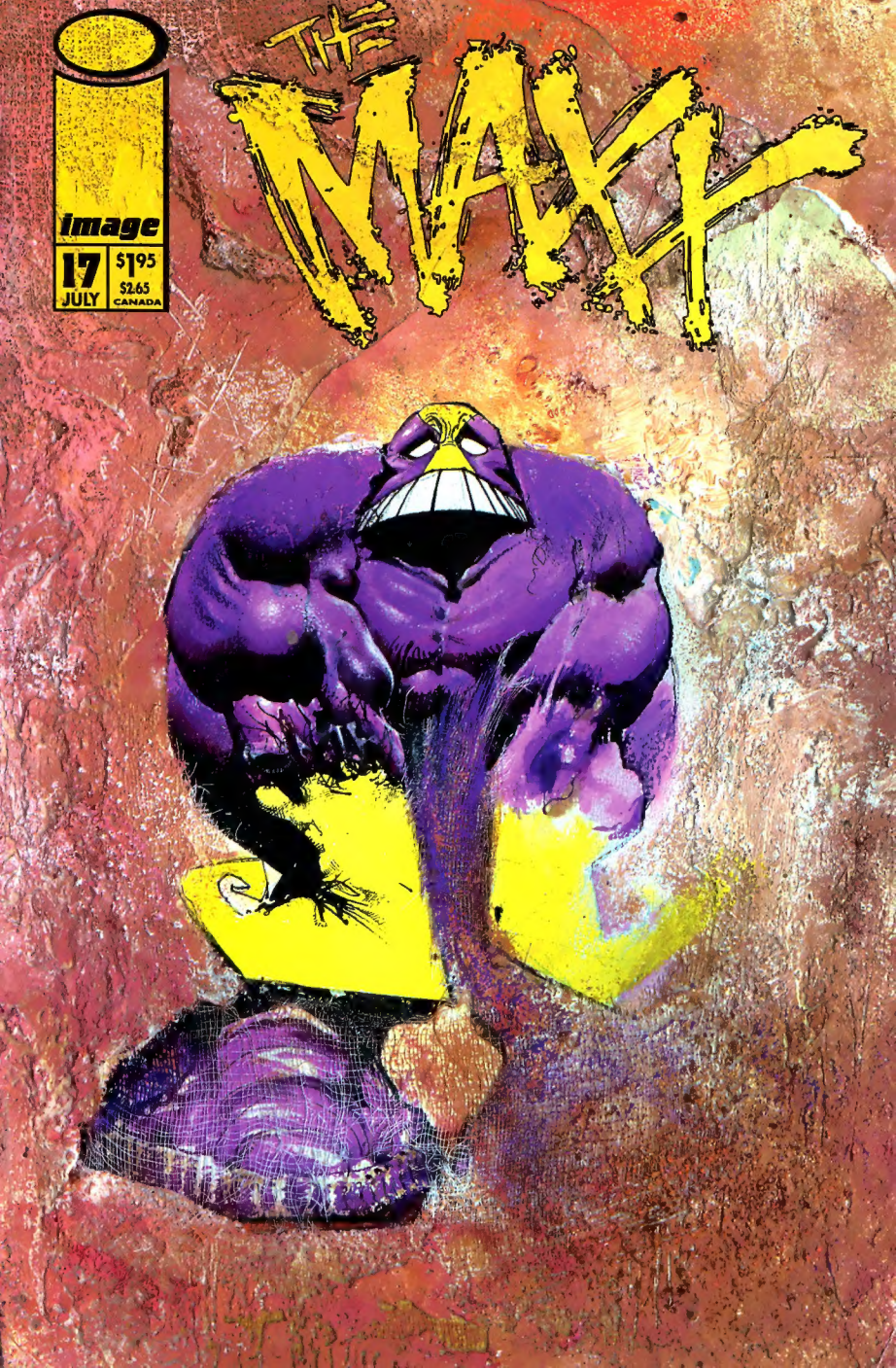

THE MASK
image
17
JULY
$1.95
$2.65
CANADA

image™ COMICS PRESENTS:

story & art
SAM KIETH

swell dialogue
BILL MESSNER–LOEBS

finishes
JIM SINCLAIR

lettering
MIKE HEISLER

color
STEVE OLIFF
and **OLYOPTICS**

logo
CHANCE WOLF

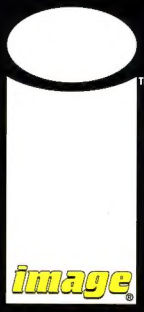
film output
KELL-O-GRAPHICS

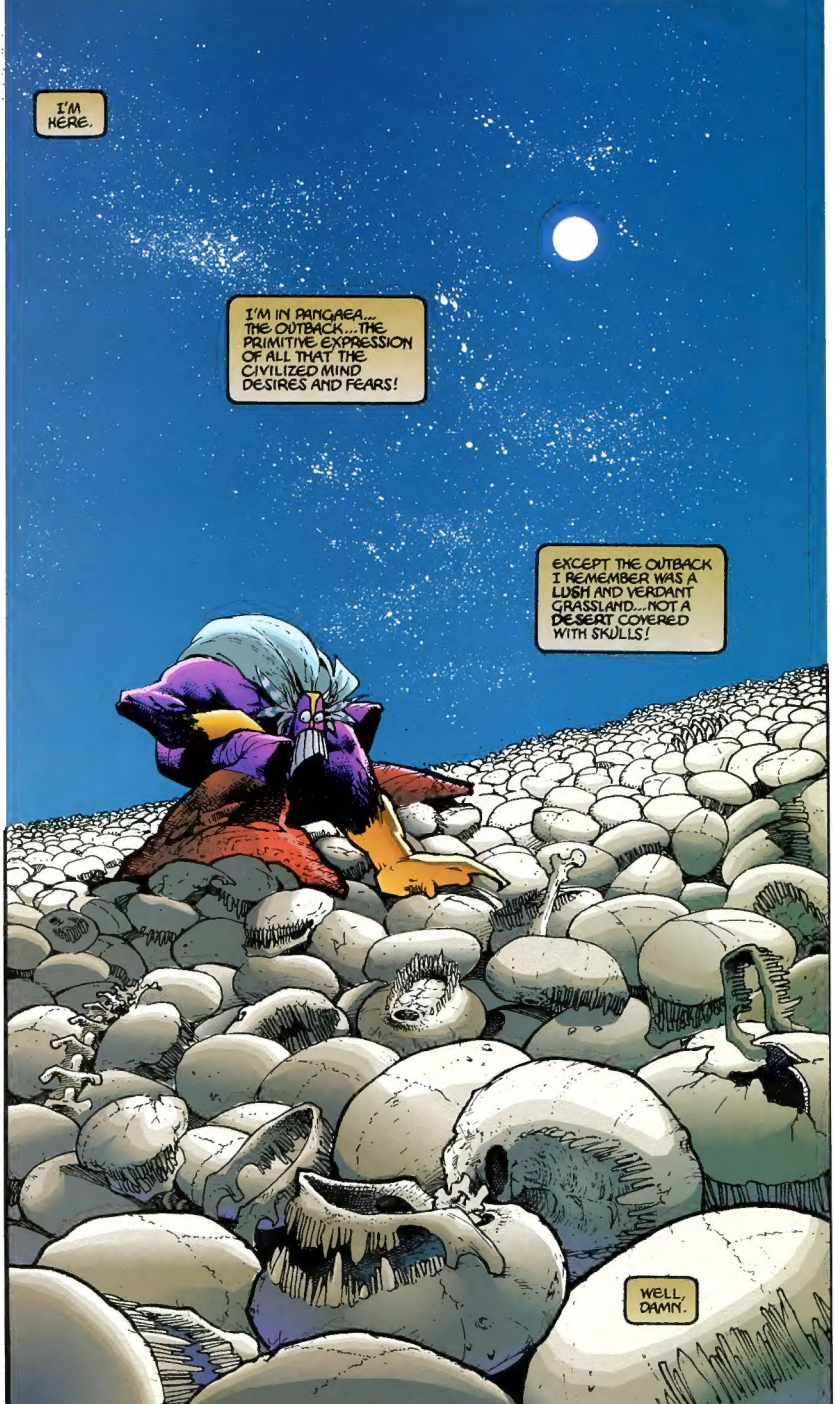
OLYOPTICS:
Tracey Anderson, Brec Blackford, Albert Calleros, Cathy Enis, Nathan (Gnatus) Eyring, Michael Jeremiah, Patti Stratton Jordan, Jennifer McFadden, Marie St. Clair, Chris Wolfe, and Quinn Supplee.

FOR IMAGE COMICS

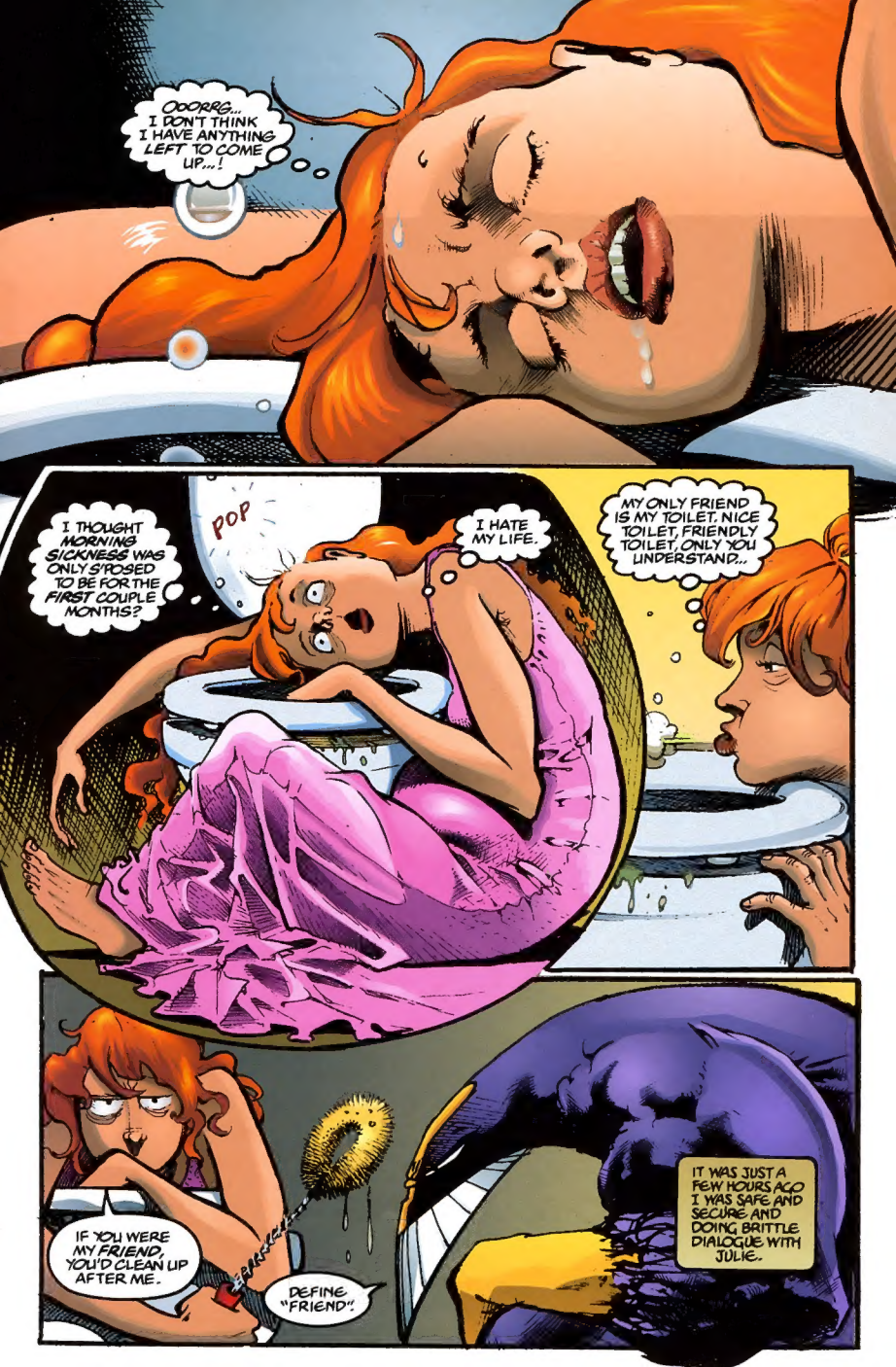
Executive Director: LARRY MARDER
Publisher: TONY LOBITO
Art Director: DOUG GRIFFITH
Production Manager: TERESA CESPEDES
Distribution: GERMAINE ZACHARIAH
Traffic: RONNA COULTER
Graphic Design: KENNY FELIX
Asst. to Exec. Director: KELLY VAN LANDINGHAM

MAXX #17. July 1995. FIRST PRINTING. Published by IMAGE COMICS. P.O. Box 25468 Anaheim CA 92825. Entire contents ™ and © 1995 Sam Kieth, all rights reserved. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. OK, 20 pages. Happy? HAPPY?!? With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Sam Kieth. Send correspondence to: Sam Kieth, 4363 Hazel Avenue, Suite 1-285, Fair Oaks, California, 95628. Publishers and creator assume no responsibility for unsolicited materials or classified ads.
PRINTED IN CANADA.



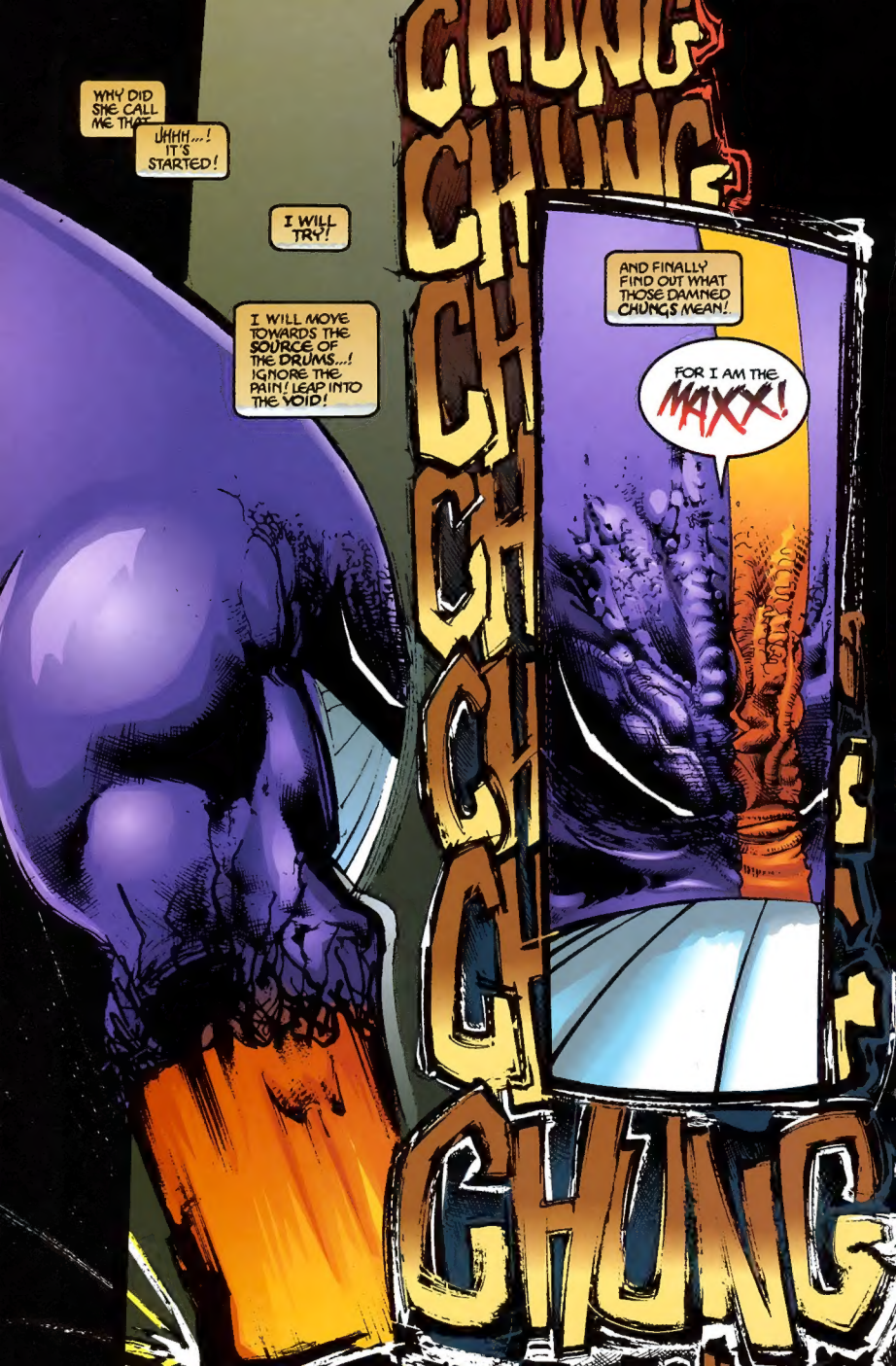

I'M HERE.
I'M IN PANGAEA... THE OUTBACK... THE PRIMITIVE EXPRESSION OF ALL THAT THE CIVILIZED MIND DESIRES AND FEARS!
EXCEPT THE OUTBACK I REMEMBER WAS A LUSH AND VERDANT GRASSLAND... NOT A DESERT COVERED WITH SKULLS!
WELL, DAMN.

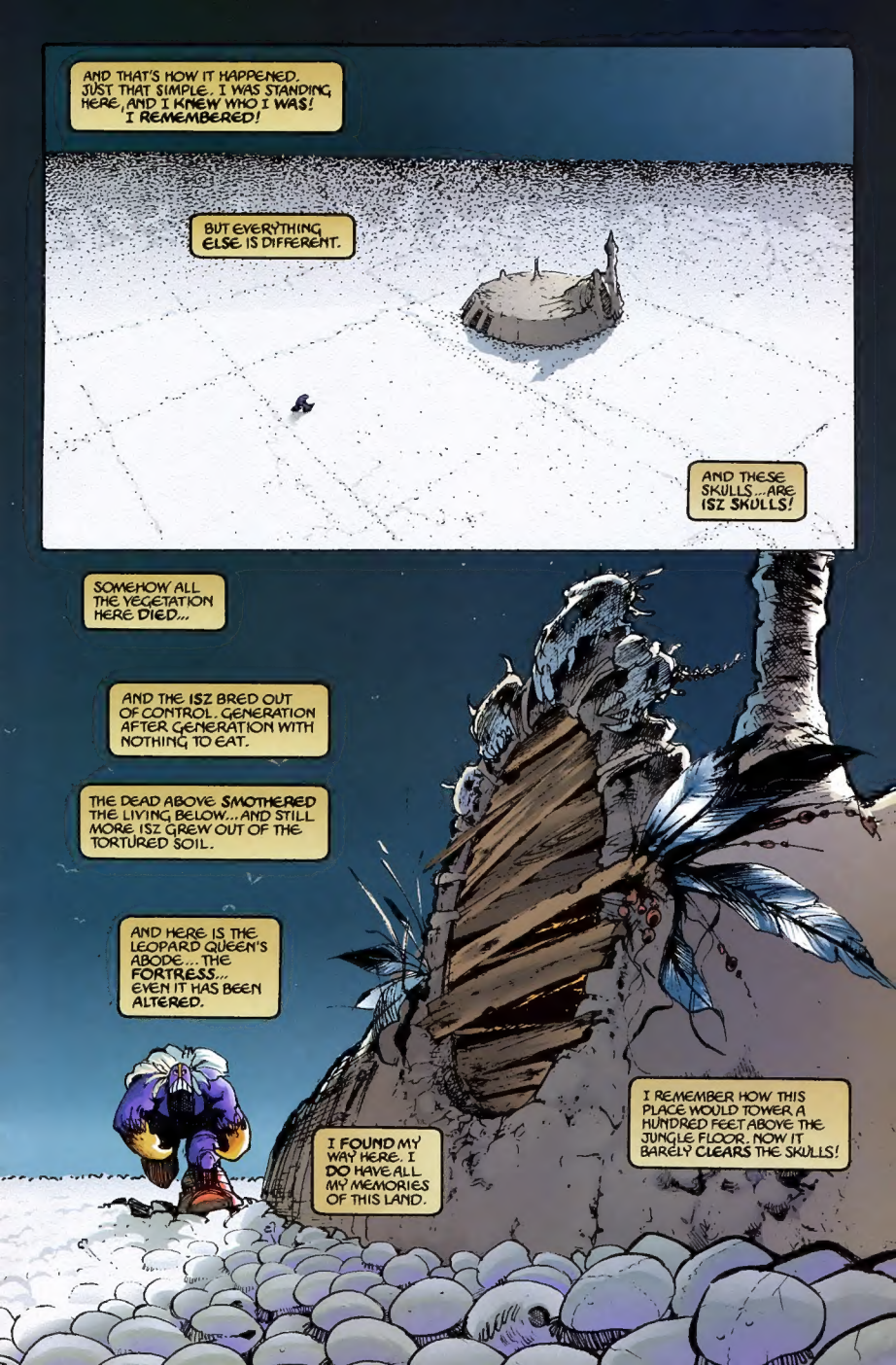
I WONDER HOW DEEP THE SKULLS GO?
AND HOW FAR? THEY SEEM TO COVER THE ENTIRE OUTBACK.
STRANGE. WHEN I WAS NUTS AND RUNNING AROUND HERE, THIS SEEMED LIKE THE MOST WONDERFUL PLACE. NOW THAT I'M HERE IN MY RIGHT MIND, I'M NAUSEOUS AND TERRIFIED. I CAN'T CATCH A BREAK.
:SNUF- SNUFF: STRANGE SMELL. I WONDER WHAT ROTTING HORRORS THESE SKULLS COVER?
ONE DAY, THE POISON WILL HAVE TO COME UP...!
POP


OOORRG... I DON'T THINK I HAVE ANYTHING LEFT TO COME UP...!
I THOUGHT MORNING SICKNESS WAS ONLY S'POSED TO BE FOR THE FIRST COUPLE MONTHS?
POP
I HATE MY LIFE.
MY ONLY FRIEND IS MY TOILET. NICE TOILET, FRIENDLY TOILET, ONLY YOU UNDERSTAND...
IF YOU WERE MY FRIEND, YOU'D CLEAN UP AFTER ME.
DEFINE "FRIEND".
IT WAS JUST A FEW HOURS AGO I WAS SAFE AND SECURE AND DOING BRITTLE DIALOGUE WITH JULIE.

I STILL DON'T SEE WHY YOU HAVE TO CHANGE THE WHOLE FRONT OF THE BUILDING.
'CAUSE I'M CHANGING. THE WORLD IS CHANGING. MY HOUSE SHOULD BE A PART OF -- OF... uh-oh-- :HORRP:
WHOOA. I HATE WALKING IN AFTER THE MOVIE'S STARTED.
I GUESS YOU GUYS ARE TALKING NOW?
I GUESS, I WAS FEELING ROTTEN THIS MORNING, SO I SENT ONE OF THOSE GUYS OUT TO FIND MAXX...
AND I CAME, SHOWING HOW DISMAL THE REST OF MY LIFE IS.
UH-OH...
WHAT?
ACCORDING TO THESE BLUEPRINTS, THOSE WORKMEN JUST CUT THROUGH A BEARING WALL.

IT WAS AWFULLY NICE OF YOU TO RUSH OVER HERE, MAXX...
THAT'S OKAY. I GUESS I FORGIVE YOU, JULIE. NO MATTER HOW BIG A JERK YOU WERE OR HOW SLUTTY YOU ACTED...
YOU'RE STILL MY FRIEND.
WAIT A SECOND. YOU FORGIVE ME...? I WAS THE ONE THAT CAUGHT YOU TWO IN BE
MAXX, LET'S TAKE A WALK BEFORE WE SMOTHER FROM ALL THE GOOD WILL IN THIS ROOM.
MAXX, WE HAVE TO TALK... I LISTENED TO DAD'S TAPES... THEY TOLD ME EVERYTHING!
THAT NIGHT, IT WASN'T OUR BODIES THAT JOINED, IT WAS OUR MINDS! WE HAD EACH OTHER'S DREAMS... I KNOW WHO YOU ARE!
BUT MORE IMPORTANT... I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE GOTTA DO! WE HAVE TO GO BACK WHERE IT STARTED IN THIS WORLD, BUT AT THE SAME TIME, YOU HAVE TO GO INTO THE OUTBACK AS YOURSELF!
YOU HAVE TO BRING ON THE HEADACHE... GO TOWARDS THE NOISE. CONTROL THE PROCESS!
CAN YOU AT LEAST TRY, DAVE?

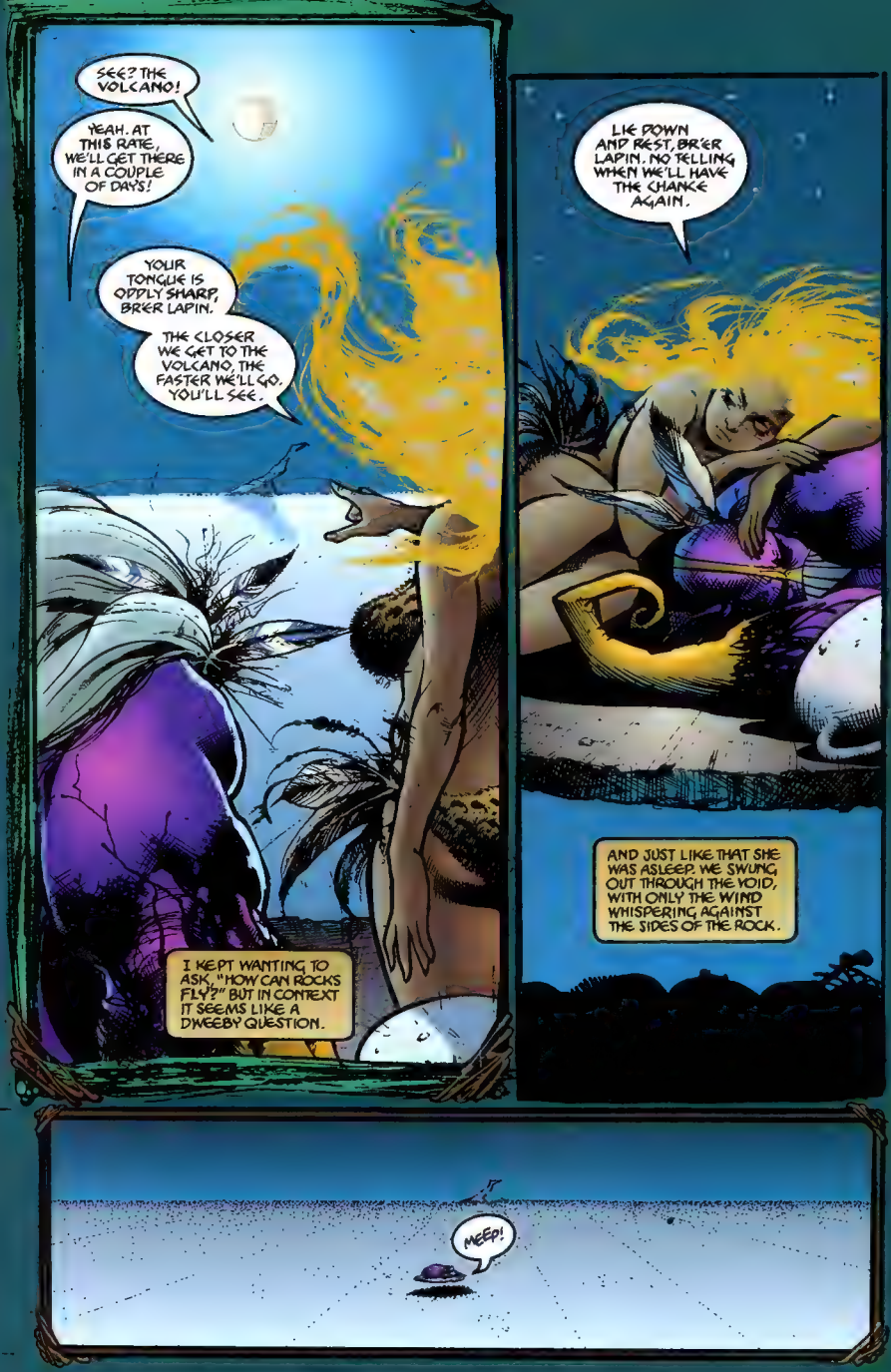

WHY DID SHE CALL ME THAT
UHHM...! IT'S STARTED!
I WILL TRY!
I WILL MOVE TOWARDS THE SOURCE OF THE DRUMS...! IGNORE THE PAIN! LEAP INTO THE VOID!
CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG
AND FINALLY FIND OUT WHAT THOSE DAMNED CHUNGS MEAN!
FOR I AM THE MAXX!


AND THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED. JUST THAT SIMPLE. I WAS STANDING HERE, AND I KNEW WHO I WAS! I REMEMBERED!
BUT EVERYTHING ELSE IS DIFFERENT.
AND THESE SKULLS... ARE ISZ SKULLS!
SOMEHOW ALL THE VEGETATION HERE DIED...
AND THE ISZ BRED OUT OF CONTROL. GENERATION AFTER GENERATION WITH NOTHING TO EAT.
THE DEAD ABOVE SMOTHERED THE LIVING BELOW... AND STILL MORE ISZ GREW OUT OF THE TORTURED SOIL.
AND HERE IS THE LEOPARD QUEEN'S ABODE... THE FORTRESS... EVEN IT HAS BEEN ALTERED.
I REMEMBER HOW THIS PLACE WOULD TOWER A HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE JUNGLE FLOOR. NOW IT BARELY CLEARS THE SKULLS!
I FOUND MY WAY HERE. I DO HAVE ALL MY MEMORIES OF THIS LAND.

I HAVE TO FIND HER.
MY GODDESS. MY...
..QUEEN.
BR'ER LAPIN! I KNEW YOU'D COME!
TAKE OFF YOUR MASK. I HAVE TO BE SURE...
YES. IT'S YOU, BR'ER LAPIN. YOU'RE AS REAL AS THE EDGE ON MY SPEAR!
MY GOD... I'M A BIG BUNNY HERE! NOW I'M REALLY CONFUSED.
BUT YOUR HAIR! AND THE FORTRESS! THEY'VE CHANGED! HAVE YOU HEALED, MY QUEEN?
THE HEALING INSIDE HAS BEGUN, BR'ER LAPIN. BUT THE LAND IS STILL VERY SICK... AND THE POISON MUST BE EXPELLED FROM UNDERNEATH.

HOW I'VE MISSED YOU, BRER LAPIN. IT'S LIKE A PART OF MYSELF HAS RETURNED.
ARE YOU STILL HAVING THOSE NASTY NIGHTMARES THAT YOU'RE A MAN?
ACTUALLY, I'M HAVING ONE RIGHT NOW!
IT'S OKAY. YOU'RE SAFE HERE WITH ME, WHERE YOU BELONG.
COME ON. PUT ON YOUR MASK. WE HAVE TO GO.
GO? GO WHERE?
TO THE VOLCANO, OF COURSE. IT'S WHERE THIS ALL BEGAN!
HEY! THERE'S AN ISZ UP HERE!
HE MUST'VE GOTTEN STUCK!
DON'T WORRY. HE'S HARMLESS.

YOU SEE, WE HAVE TO GET THERE IN A HURRY...SO WE'LL GO BY ROCK.
YOU MEAN, BREAK OFF A LAYER LIKE... THIS?
JUST WHEN I FEEL MY LIFE IS UNDER CONTROL, SOMEBODY SAYS SOMETHING LIKE, "WE'LL GO BY ROCK"!
NO, NO! YOU BROKE IT!
I'M SO TIRED OF SCREWING UP!
CRACK!
MEEP!
THIS IS OKAY. IT'S STILL BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD US. AND WE'LL NEED THESE VINES...
HEY! IT'S STARTING TO...
WHUMP!
JUMP ON! IT'S MOVING!
...FLOAT! IT'S STARTING TO FLOAT!
DON'T PANIC. IT'S NOT MOVING THAT FAST.


SEE? THE VOLCANO!
YEAH. AT THIS RATE, WE'LL GET THERE IN A COUPLE OF DAYS!
YOUR TONGUE IS ODDLY SHARP, BRER LAPIN.
THE CLOSER WE GET TO THE VOLCANO, THE FASTER WE'LL GO. YOU'LL SEE.
I KEPT WANTING TO ASK, "HOW CAN ROCKS FLY?" BUT IN CONTEXT IT SEEMS LIKE A DWEEBY QUESTION.
LIE DOWN AND REST, BR'ER LAPIN. NO TELLING WHEN WE'LL HAVE THE CHANCE AGAIN.
AND JUST LIKE THAT SHE WAS ASLEEP. WE SWUNG OUT THROUGH THE VOID, WITH ONLY THE WIND WHISPERING AGAINST THE SIDES OF THE ROCK.
MEEP!

WAKE UP, BR'ER LAPIN. WE'RE NEARLY THERE.
IT WAS NEARLY LATE AFTERNOON. I HAD SLEPT THROUGH THE NIGHT AND MOST OF THE FOLLOWING DAY. SURREALISM TAKES A LOT OUT OF YOU.
HEY, IT'S BIGGER!
THE FASTER WE GO, THE WIDER IT GROWS. REMEMBER?
UH, SURE!
THE SUN'S GOING DOWN. OUR LUCK IS HOLDING! TWILIGHT IS THE BEST TIME FOR THIS SORT OF THING.
WHAT SORT OF THING?
WHY, SACRIFICIAL MAGIK, OF COURSE. IT'S ALL THAT WILL SAVE THE UNIVERSE.
I'D FORGOTTEN JUST HOW MUCH I HATE SAVING THE UNIVERSE.
THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP
THE QUESTION I SHOULD'VE ASKED RIGHT ABOUT NOW WAS, "WHAT SACRIFICE?"
MEEP!
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE FLYING ON A SLAB OF ROCK OVER AN ENDLESS FIELD OF SKULLS TOWARD A MYSTICALLY SMOLDERING VOLCANO TO REALLY GIVE YOU A SENSE OF YOUR OWN MORTALITY.
CAN WE STEER THIS THING OR ARE WE ON AUTOPILOT? I MEAN, WHAT IF SOMETHING'S IN OUR--

EVERYBODY DUCK!
--WAY?
DUCK WHEN I SAY DUCK!
IT'S AN AIR WHALE SKELETON! AND WE'RE GOING RIGHT THROUGH IT!
GUESS THAT ANSWERS THAT QUESTION.
GOD KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENING BACK IN...

...DODGE.
YIPES! DID YOU HAVE TO BREAK ALL THOSE STREET-LIGHTS?
DID YOU EVEN HEAR ME SAY DUCK?
AND WHY DO WE HAVE TO RIDE ON TOP OF THE BUS?
BECAUSE I AM THE MAXX!
CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG
IS THERE EVER A TIME YOU DON'T SAY THAT?
NO. NOT REALLY.
IS IT WORKING? ARE YOU IN BOTH PLANES OF EXISTENCE AT ONCE?
I THINK SO. IT'S NOT PERFECT AND WE AREN'T BOTH GETTING FEEDBACK AT ONCE...
BUT I THINK IF I CAN KEEP GOING, I'LL REACH THE PLACE WHERE THE TWO UNIVERSES JOIN...WHEREVER THAT IS.

WE'RE HERE!
SHHH... KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN.
EEP!
WHY?
THE TEENIEST VOICE IN THIS VALLEY WILL REVERBERATE AND AWAKEN THE DREADED...
...HOOLY.
THE WHATTY?
SHOOT. I CHIPPED OFF A PIECE.
CRACK
WREEP
CAREFUL!
HEY! IT FLOATS!
THAT LITTLE ROCK YOU CHIPPED OFF WILL GO FLOATING INTO THE HORIZON, ONLY TO COME BACK AS A GIANT BOULDER AND CRUSH THE VOLCANO.

OH.
BUT WE'LL BE LONG GONE BY THEN, RIGHT?
WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE, ANYWAY?
THE LEOPARD QUEEN DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.
SHE KNEW EVERYTHING AND DIDN'T SEEM TO NEED MY HELP AT ALL!
IT MADE ME WISH I WAS BACK WITH MY TOOLS. I WAS ALWAYS BETTER FIXING PIPES THAN REPAIRING SOULS!
MEEP
GET READY TO USE THE VINE, BR'ER LAPIN!
HEY, WAIT A SEC! I WAS A PLUMBER?
NOW, BR'ER LAPIN!
I'M ON IT!
BINGO!
CHUNK!
WE DID IT!
HUSH! CAN YOU FEEL IT, BR'ER LAPIN? CAN YOU FEEL SOMETHING BURIED DEEP DOWN, READY TO RISE?

eep?
I THINK HE WANTS TO COME WITH US.
HE'LL BE FINE. COME ON.
UUUHN! THE VINE'S SLIPPERY!
YOU'RE TOO HEAVY! HURRY OR YOU'LL SNAP IT!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE'D BE DRAWN HERE!
WE ARE BEING DRAWN. I NEVER SAID IT'D BE EASY.
SLOW DOWN! YOU'RE LEAVING ME BEHIND!
UGGH! JUST DON'T HOLD ME BACK!
I REMEMBERED THE HOT, FLARING LAVA, THE BURNING WHEN I DIPPED MY CLAWS IN IT TO TEMPER THEM, SO MANY YEARS BEFORE...
PAST EVENTS WERE COMING BACK TO ME IN A FLOOD!
IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO KEEP MY FOOTING!

HEY! IT'S JUST WATER!
SILLY RABBIT! THAT'S JUST ON TOP!
UNDERNEATH...
...THERE'S SOMETHING THAT WANTS TO COME UP.

After two years of hermitude, I finally broke down and decided to go to San Diego Comic Con this year, but the only day I'll be signing is Saturday. So if yer in town...

There's a bunch of interesting/bizarre Maxx stuff in the future that I'm busting to tell you about, but I can't. Not yet. Two things, though: The Todd Toy is in the works, and from what I've seen, it's way cool. The best part of all is that each Maxx figure will come with a little white Isz (And keep your eyes peeled for collector black Isz in random boxes.) The bad news: They won't be out 'til '96.

The #2 piece of news is that Wizard and I will be releasing a 12-page "Special Preview" thingie to be included in their October issue. I will be drawing some preview material from Issue 21 (to be released in December), along with some Maxx sketchbook stuff.

E-mail us: nghtime@aol.com

Dear Mr. Kieth,

As you may know, there was a bombing here in Oklahoma City on April 19, 1995. I'm writing you to see if you could dedicate a future issue of The Maxx to the OKC bombing victims. If not, maybe have the OKC bombing mentioned in an upcoming Maxx storyline. Anything to acknowledge that the OKC bombing occurred in the Image universe as well as the real world. I'm just asking for the victims.

(name withheld by request)

Your letter, and the fact that you wrote it, is a more moving testament than anything we could've come up with. Heads (and their hearts) are with everybody in OK-City.

Dear Mr. Kieth,

Why is there a frame of Mr. Gone (from the "Yup. Man, this is going to be a long night" shot) seen in the <SPLAT SQUAWK MEEP SLICE HACK SLICE MEEP SQUEEK> Isz slaughter just before the "They are all dead, I have killed all..." scene in Episode 4 of the toon (from Issue 3, page 8)? (You can only see it if you frame-by-frame it on your VCR, or if you have really sharp eyes, like me.) Is this a subliminal thing?

Your newly recruited
and utterly devoted fan,
Patrick W. Heinske
Garner, NC

I don't have a tape handy—anybody else see what this guy's talking about?

Dear Sam,

How could you? You printed a letter from the great Olav Beemer and you spelled his name wrong! Have you no shame?

Sincerely,
Augie De Blieck Jr.
N. Haledon, NJ

PS Oh yeah. I love the cartoon!

Of course I have no shame—look at what I publish every month. That rascal Augie De Blieck is always on my tail, pointing out my mistakes. Then again, we did call him "Angie" a few issues back...Dammit, he's right again! Sorry, Olav.

Dear Sam Kieth,

You should put less blood in comics because it makes killing look fun. If kids see that when they are little, they might kill when they get older. They might think killing is awesome when it is really dangerous.

It is bad to give that to kids.

Signed,
Brian Coyle
Highland Heights, KY

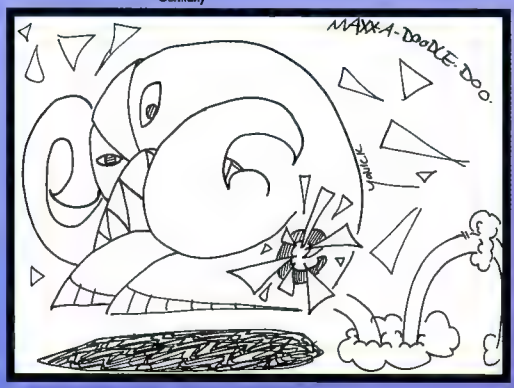
Killing is dangerous—now there's a concept!

Dear Sam,

Could you please please please have someone get their ear or ears ripped off? I've always wanted to rip someone's ear off, but I'd be happy just to see someone else do it.

Thanks for your time,
R.L.
Atlanta, GA

I just can't make anybody happy...I think we need to change the subject. How about some origin speculation:



Dear Sam,

I've often wondered where you got the idea for such an original concept. The only thing that I can think of is the old movie Harvey in which Jimmy Stewart has a 7-foot-tall invisible rabbit spirit/protector called a pooka. Am I right?

Sincerely,
Brian Zeiders

No.

Dear Sam,

The Maxx reads as if you, sir, are doing a version of the oldest recorded tale of sibling rivalry know to man, Cain vs. Abel. Maxx is Abel. Gone is Cain possessed by Satan. Then again, with the way Maxx shifts dimensions in his dreams (or is it that he's really in dreamtime?), you'd think he was some sort of burnout that even Timothy Leary couldn't help. Weird reading, but the visuals are like a cross-section of Frazetta (natch), Doug Wildey, and V. T. Hamlin. Ah, that last one should give you pause.

Forward to the present. Julie's link and relationship with Maxx are in tatters. She's gone and gotten pregnant, and she practically doesn't care if she sees the baby's father again. Sarah is Maxx's new soulmate, but I can't see that lasting. It's been suggested that Sarah and Julie are sisters or cousins, so Julie's anger in issue 15 seems more natural than one might think. Anyway, judging from Julie's appearance, I'd say she's already three months along, right?

Jacob Gilbert
Troy, NY

Five, actually.

Dear Sam,

Now about this "Maxx is rabbit" thing. I DON'T THINK SO! That is much too obvious. I figured out your little comic, Mr. Kieth. Maxx is not a rabbit. Maxx is a construction worker from Ohio. Now before you print "Does anyone have any idea what he's talking about?", let me show you the similarities:

1) They both like Pez and toast
2) Neither are cross-dressers (at least I hope not)
3) Maxx is constantly trying to figure out his life which won't happen until the comic is cancelled (which won't happen). Construction workers whistle at women they'll never get unless they take a shower and learn some manners (which won't happen). So, basically they both have goals that they will never accomplish.

Am I the only one who can notice these things? Anyway, Maxx rules! Sorry if I offended any construction workers, but somebody had to say it sometime.

Josh Vance
Normal, IL

I wish I could be from Normal.

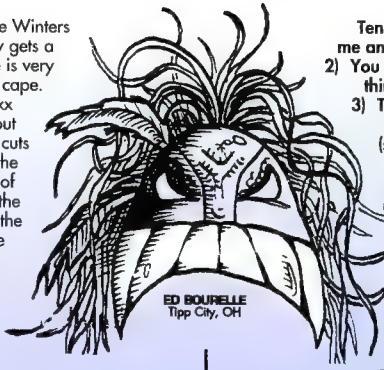
Dear Sam,

Here's what we know so far. Maxx is this purple rabbit dude with a big overbite who, as a child, found Steve Oliff, of Olyoptics, lying in the middle of the road. He had been hit by a car. Maxx put Steve in a shoebox and kept him in the garage. Well, Maxx's mom was driven nuts by this scraping sound that Steve kept making, so she put him out of his misery with a shovel. Mr. Gone is this bum who lives in a cardboard box in

a New York alleyway. Julie Winters is this babe whose pot belly gets a little fatter all the time. She is very evil and has a looong blue cape. She keeps trying to tell Maxx something about his past, but every time she does, Maxx cuts off her head. Bill Loebs is the guy who does the coloring of the comic. Mike Heisler is the guy who writes and draws the comic, and Sam Kieth is the guy who does the lettering. What a great comicbook.

Justin Francis
Fremont, CA

Gadzooks—you have me totally bumfuzzled!



Ten years? Saaay...that gives me an idea for Ish 21...

2) You tell me. What do <u>you</u> guys think they listen to?

3) That's because we have the coolest <u>fans</u> in the world (see, I can kiss butt just as good as anyone).

4) Get in line.

5) That's an even <u>longer</u> line.

Sam Kieth,

The Maxx is wonderful, but I have just one question. Well, actually two:

1) How badly was Maxx hurt when he was mugged in issue 15. I mean, he was just lying there behind his box for what seems like hours.
2) Is it just me, or does the shadow of one of the prisoners on page 12 look just a little bit like Maxx's?

Venus-Bob
Anonymous, OH

I have just one answer. Well, actually two:

1) His butt wasn't as badly bruised as his pride.

2) The shadow thing is just you, but we did screw up, since I meant to mention that the guy in the jail was Fridge.

Dear Sam,

I love your Maxx comics I only need 6 more to get 1 through 15. I write about The Maxx all the time on my computer and draw The Maxx all the time and I got most of my friends to like The Maxx. I've seen all the episodes of The Maxx and I love them. What I want to know is will you ever show The Maxx's face and will The Maxx end at comic number 20 I hope not The Maxx is my favorite. I even got my mom interested in Maxx well keep up the Maxximum great work

Your Maxximum fan
Matt Kwiatkowski

Use the word "Maxx" much? I love the way you do away with boring stuff like punctuation. Get right to the meat, I say.

You saw Maxx's face in this issue and boy,

Dear Maxx Creww,

1) I think you should put out a make-your-own-Pez-dispenser contest where we convert ordinary Pez dispensers into Maxx characters and the winner gets a free crate of Pez refills!!! How bout it???
2) What type of music do Maxx and Sarah listen to??? (I know it's been asked, but I think you should tell us more.) Do they like Smashing Pumpkins (I do); how about Pizzicato 5 or Starchildren. I bet they like the Afghan Whigs.
3) I think your comic has the coolest letter column in the world.
4) I can't figure out issue #14.
5) I can't figure out any of the other issues.

Ben Steidel
Danville, CA

1) The Pez People have been talked to; here's the scoop. Pez lost mucho money on a Happy Days dispenser in the '70's while trying to cash in on a fad, so they like to wait at least a decade to make sure we're not just a flash in the pan. So until we're ten years older, we'll have to settle for making/trading bootleg dispensers (I have four so far, thanx to industrious fans). No contest, though. Our mailperson has a bad back.

MAD MIAMI
New York, NY

what a shocker. I mean, a rabbit—Wow! Nobody saw that coming, right? BUT—just because we saw his face in the Outback doesn't mean we will ever see it in this dimension. (Those of us who occasionally visit this dimension, that is.)

And no, Matt, I refuse to end with Ish 20. That would be too easy...

Hey Sam,

This letter is to Chris, who also wrote in to Head to Head last issue:

I just want to say Thanks a lot!! You got me hooked on reading The Maxx and now I can't seem to get anything done. If I'm at work I'm thinking about the next Maxx issue. If I'm at play I'm thinking about the next issue of The Maxx! In fact the other night while me and my girlfriend were making passionate whoopie, I accidently cried out **MAXX!!!** Talk about embarrassing!!! So if you do read this (and I know you will because you always read the letter pages) I just want you to know that I don't get mad, I get Maxx, er umm, even!! Dammit I'm doing it again!!!!

Thanks for your indulgence Sam and keep up the great work!!!

Explanation-point-happy Joe
Menominee, MI

Dear Sam Kieth,

Your Fridge/Isz story seemed to me like some old Strange tales comic, or some other old EC title. I liked the way I could only see the Is's sneakers sliding deeper into the shadows, because besides adding tension, it took advantage of your smooth storytelling, which is what I like most about your art. I also thought it was kind of cool to see Fridge again since we haven't seen him since issue 1. Now I half suspect a similar type of story involving Sgt. Ocono and his suspicions of the little creepy guys he seems to be getting a lot of lately.

Also, when I saw Maxx get mugged I thought (besides thinking what Maxx might've had that someone else could have possibly wanted) how deluded Maxx really is. How can he expect to protect the lives of others if he can't even keep himself from getting mugged?

Thanks for your time,
Tony Vance
Thousand Oaks, CA

That's the point.

Dear Sam,

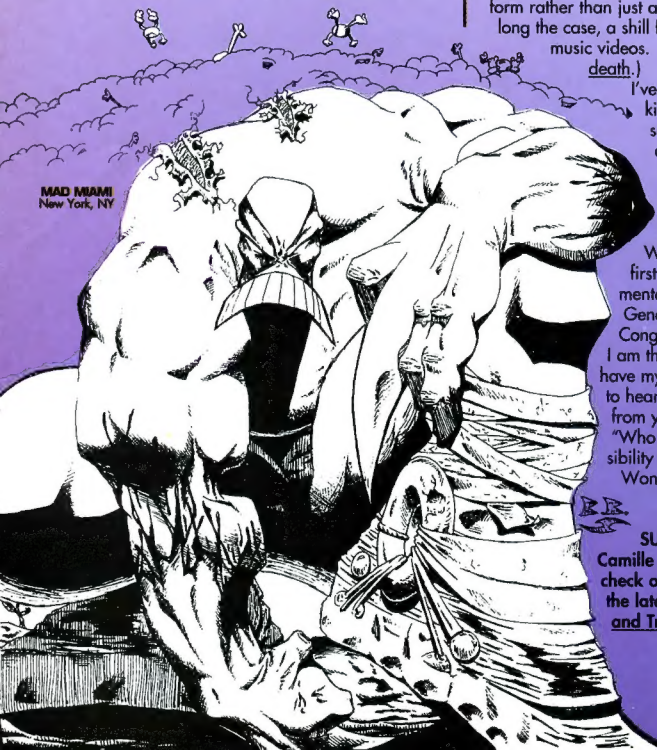
Thanks a lot for sending the tapes of the first two episodes of The Maxx! Students had stopped me in the halls telling me about it in April. I've been taping it since then, but I was missing those early episodes.

The show is terrific! So eerie, fascinating, and mysterious. It's obviously a landmark in TV broadcasting, establishing animation as an art form rather than just a "cartoon" or, as was too long the case, a shill for trendy special effects for music videos. (The latter was done to death.)

I've been lamenting that the kids of the '90's have no sense of how film was avant-garde in the '60's, when college students my age saw tons of experimental film, from Stan Brakbage to gritty early Warhol. The Maxx for the first time captures that experimental, mind-bending mode for Generation X on a broad scale. Congratulations!! And of course I am thrilled beyond words to have my poster in the show—and to hear spoken the great words from your original printed strip, "Who are you to assume responsibility for their lives?" Wonderful!

Best wishes,
Camille Paglia

SURELY you know who Camille Paglia is by now! And check out Julie's appearance in the latest Paglia book, Vamps and Tramps, if you dare.



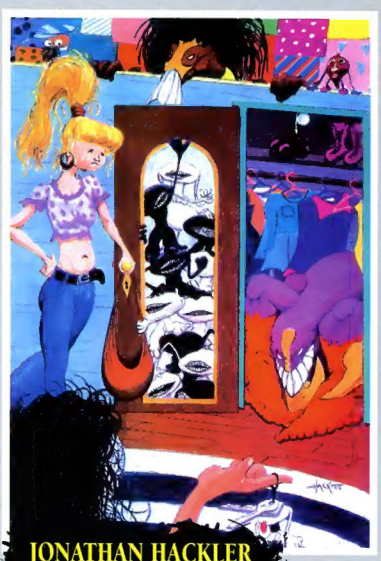
THE MAXX fan art

JAMES DEAN CONKLIN
New York, New York

MARTIN LOPEZ
Mexico

MICK DIDIER
France

ANDREA MINOJA
Padova, Italy



JONATHAN HACKLER
High Point, North Carolina

DAN ROMAN
New Babylon, New York